Sapho and Phao,

Played beefore the
Queenes Maieſtie on Shroue-
tewſday, by her Maieſties
Children, and the Boyes
of Paules.

By John Lilly

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The Prologue at the Black-fryers.

WHere the Bee can ſuck no honney, ſhe leaueth her ſtinge behinde, and where the Beare cannot finde *Origanum* to heale his griefe, he blaſteth all other leaues with his breath. Wee feare it is like to fare ſo with vs, that ſeeing you cannot draw from our labours ſweete content, you leaue behinde you a ſowre miſlike, and with open reproach blame our good meaninges; becauſe you cannot reap your wonted mirthes. Our intẽt was at this time to moue inward delight, not outward lightneſſe, and to breede, (if it might bee) ſoft ſmiling, not loude laughing: knowing it to the wiſe to be as great pleaſure to heare counſell mixed with witte, as to the fooliſh to haue ſporte mingled with rudeneſſe. They were baniſhed the Theater at Athens, and from Rome hyſſed, that brought paraſites on the ſtage with apiſh actions, or fooles with vnciuill habites, or Curtiſans with immodeſt words. We haue endeuoured to be as farre from vnſeemely ſpeaches, to make your eares glowe, as wee hope you will bee from vnkinde reportes to make our cheekes bluſh. The Griffyon neuer ſpreadeth her wings in the ſunne, when ſhe hath any ſick feathers: yet haue we ventured to preſent our exerciſe beefore your iudgements, when we know them full of weak matter, yeelding rather our ſelues to the curteſie, which we haue euer found, then to the preciſeneſſe, which wee ought to feare.

The Prologue at the Court.

THe *Arabyãs* being ſtuffed with perfumes, burn Hemblock, a ranck poiſon; & in *Hybla* being cloid with hóney, they account it daintie to feede on waxe. Your Highneſſe eies, whom varietie hath filled with fayre ſhowes, and whoſe eares pleaſure hath poſſeſſed with rare ſoundes, will (we truſt) at this time reſemble the princely Eagle, who fearing to ſurfeit on ſpices, ſtoupeth to bite on wormwood. We preſent no conceites nor warres, but deceites and loues, wherein the trueth may excuſe the plaineneſſe. The neceſsitie, the length: the poetrie, the bitterneſſe. There is no needeleſſe point ſo ſmal, which hath not his cópaſſes nor haire ſo ſlender, which hath not his ſhadowe: nor ſporte ſo ſimple, which hath not his ſhowe. Whatſoeuer we preſẽt, whether it be tedious (which we feare) or toyiſhe (which we doubt) ſweete or ſowre, abſolute or imperfect, or whatſoeuer, in al humbleneſſe we all, & I on knee for all, entreate, that your Highneſſe imagine your ſelf to be in a deepe dreame, that ſtaying the concluſiõ, in your riſing your Maieſtie vouchſafe but to ſaye, *And ſo you awakte.*

Actus primus. Schæna prima.

Phao, Venus, Cupid.

Phao. THou art a Ferriman, Phao, yet a free man, poſſeſsing for riches content, and for honors quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher thē thy fortunes, nor thy deſires greater then thy calling. Who climeth, ſtandeth on glaſſe, and falleth on thorne. Thy hearts thirſte is ſatiſfied with thy hands thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day, turne to ſweete ſlumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thine oare in a calme ſtreame, as it dooth Sapho to ſwaye the Scepter in her braue court. Enuie neuer caſteth her eie lowe, ambition pointeth alwaies vpwarde, and reuenge barketh onely at ſtarres. Thou fareſt dilicately, if thou haue a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is ready, when thine oar is idle, and as ſweet is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the ryuer, as the fowle which other buye in the market. Thou needſt not feare poyſon in thy glaſſe, nor treaſon in thy garde. The winde is thy greateſt enemy, whoſe might is withſtoode with pollicy. O ſweete life ſeldom found vnder a goldē couert, oftē vnder a thached cotage. But here commeth one, I will withdrawe my ſelfe aſide, it may be a paſſenger.

Venus. It is no leſſe vnſeemely then vnwholſom for Venus, who is moſt honoured in Princes courtes, to ſoiourne with Vulcan in a ſmithes forge, where bellowes blow in ſteede of ſighes, dark ſmokes riſe for ſweet perfumes, & for the panting of louing hearts, is only heard the beating of ſteeled hāmers. Vnhappy Venus, ỳ cariing fire in thine own breaſt, thou ſhouldeſt dwel with fire in

his forge. What doth Vulcan all day but endeuour to be as crabbed in maners, as he is crooked in body? driuing nailes, when he ſhould giue kiſſes, and hammering hard armours, when he ſhould ſing ſweete Amors. It came by lot, not loue, that I was lincked with him. He giues thee bolts, Cupid, in ſteed of arrowes, fearing belike (iealous foole that he is) that if he ſhuld giue thee an arrow head he ſhould make himſelf a broad head. But come, we wil to Syracuſa, where thy deitie ſhal be ſhown, and my diſdaine. I will yoke the necke, that yet neuer bowed, at which, if Ioue repine, Ioue ſhal repent. Sapho ſhal know, be ſhe neuer ſo faire, that there is a Venus, which can cõquer, were ſhe neuer ſo fortunate.

Cupid. If Ioue eſpie Sapho, he wil deuiſe ſome new ſhape to entertaine her.

Venus. Strike thou Sapho, let Ioue deuiſe what ſhape he can.

Cupid. Mother, they ſay ſhe hath her thoughtes in a ſtring, that ſhe conquers affections, and ſendeth loue vp and downe vpon arrandes, I am afraid ſhe wil yerke me, if I hit her.

Venus. Peeuiſh boy, can mortal creatures reſiſt that, which the immortall Gods cannot redreſſe?

Cupid. The Gods are amorous and therefore willing to be pearſed.

Venus. And ſhe amiable, & therefore muſt be pearſed.

Cupid. I dare not.

Venus. Draw thine arrow to the head, els I wil make thee repent it at the heart. Come away and behold the ferry boy ready to conduct vs. Prety youth, do you keep the ferry that bendeth to Syracuſa?

Phao. The ferrie, faire Lady, that bendeth to Syracuſa.

Venus. I feare if the water ſhould begin to ſwel, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao.

Phao. Theſe waters are commonly as the paſſengers be, and therefore carying one ſo faire in ſhew, there is no cauſe to feare a rough ſea.

Venus. To paſſe the time in thy boate, canſt thou deuiſe any paſtime?

Phao. If the winde be with me, I can angle, or tell tales: if againſt me, it will be pleaſure for you to ſee mee take paines.

Venus. I like not fiſhing: yet was I borne of the ſea.

Phao. But he may bleſſe fiſhing, that caught ſuch an one in the ſea.

Venus. It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a nette.

Phao. So was it ſaid, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Venus. Didſt thou heare ſo? It was ſome tale.

Phao. Yea Madame, and that in the boate I didde meane to make my tale.

Venus. It is not for a ferry man to talk of the Gods loues: but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother ſpinne. But come, let vs away.

Phao. I am ready to waite.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Schæna ſecunda.

Trachinus, Pandion, Cryticus, Molus.

Trachi. Pandion, ſince your comming from the vniuerſitie to the court, from Athens to Syracuſa, how doe you feele your ſelf altered either in humor or opinion?

Pandi. Altered Trachinus, I ſay no more, and ſhame that any ſhould know ſo much.

Trachi. Here you ſee as great vertue, far greater braue ry, the action of that which you cõtemplate, Sapho, faire by nature, by birth royall, learned by education, by gouernment politike, rich by peace: inſomuch as it is hard to iudge, whether ſhe be more beautifull or wiſe, vertu-

ous or fortunate. Beesides, doe you not looke on faire Ladies in steede of good letters, and behold faire faces in steeed of fine phrases? In vniuersities vertues and vices are but shadowed in colours white and blacke, in courtes shewed to life good and bad. There, times paste are read of in old bookes, times present set downe by new deuises, times to come coniectured at by aime, by propheſie, or chaunce: here, are times in perfection, not by deuise, as fables, but in execution, as trueths. Beleeue me Pandion, in Athens you haue but tombs, we in court the bodies, you the pictures of Venus & the wise Goddesses, we the persons & the vertues. What hath a scholler found out by study, that a courtier hath not found out by practise. Simple are you that think to see more at the candle snuffe, then the sunne beams, to saile further in a litle brooke, then in the maine Ocean, to make a greater harueſt by gleaning, then reaping. How say you Pandion, is not all this true?

Pandi. Trachinus, what would you more, all true.

Trach. Cease then to lead thy life in a study, pinned with a fewe boardes, and endeuour to be a courtier to liue in emboste rouffes.

Pandi. A labour intollerable for Pandion.

Trach. Why?

Pandi. Because it is harder to shape a life to dissemble, then to goe forward with the libertie of trueth.

Trach. Why do you thinke in court any vse to dissemble?

Pandi. Doe you knowe in court any that meane to liue?

Trach. You haue no reaſõ for it, but an old reporte.

Pandi. Reporte hath not alwaies a blister on her tongue.

Trach. I, but this is the court of Sapho natures miracle, which resembleth the tree *Saturnus*, whose roote is fastened vpon knotted steele, & in whose top bud leaues of pure gold.

Pandi.

Pandi. Yet hath *Saturnus* blasts, and water boughes, wormes and Caterpillers.

Trach. The vertue of the tree is not the cause: but the Easterly wind, which is thought commonly to bring cankers and rottenesse.

Pandi. Nor the excellencie of Sapho the occasion: but the iniquitie of flatterers, who alwaies whisper in Princes eares suspition and sowrenesse.

Trach. Why, then you conclude with me, that Sapho for vertue hath no copartner.

Pandi. Yea, & with the iudgement of the world, that she is without comparison.

Trach. We wil thither streight.

Pandi. I would I might returne streight.

Trach. Why, there you may liue stil.

Pandi. But not still.

Trach. Howe like you the Ladies, are they not passing faire?

Pandi. Mine eie drinketh neither the colour of wine nor women.

Trach. Yet am I sure that in iudgemente you are not so seuere, but that you can be content to allowe of bewtie by day or by night.

Pandi. When I behold bewty before the sunne, his beams dimme bewtie: when by candle, bewty obscures toarch light: so as no time I can iudge, because at anie time I cannot discerne being in the sunne a brightnesse to shadow bewtie, and in bewtie a glistering to extinguish light.

Trachi. Schollerlike said, you flatter that, whiche you seeme to mislike, and to disgrace that, which you moste wonder at. But let vs away.

Pandi. I follow. And you sir boy goe to *Syracusa* about by land, where you shall meete my stuffe, pay for the cariage, and conuey it to my lodging.

Trach. I think all your stuffe are bundles of papers:

but now muſt you learne to turne your library to a war drope, & ſee whether your rapier hang better by your ſide, then the penne did in your eare.

Extant.

Actus primus, Schæna tertia.

Criticus, Molus.

Criti. Molus, what oddes betweene thy commons in *Athens*, and the diet in court? A pages life, & a ſcollers?

Molus This difference: there of a litle I had ſomewhat, here of a great deale nothing, there did I weare Pantopheles on my legs, here doe I beare them in my handes.

Cryti. Thou maiſt be skilled in thy Logick, but not in thy Lerypooper: brikemo meate can downe with you, vnleſſe you haue a knife to cutte it: but come among vs, and you ſhall ſee vs once in a morning haue a mouſe at a bay.

Molus. A mouſe? vnproperly ſpoken.

Criti. Aptly vnderſtoode, a mouſe of beafe.

Molus I thinke indeed a peece of beafe as bigge as a mouſe, ſerues a great companie of ſuch cattes. But what els?

Criti. For other ſportes, a ſquare die in a pages pocket, is as decent as a ſquare cap on a Graduates head.

Molus You courtiers be mad fellowes, wee ſilly ſoules are onely plodders at *Ergo*, whoſe wittes are claſpt vppe with our bookes, & ſo full of learning are we at home, that weſcarce know good manners when wee come abroad. Cunning in nothing but in making ſmall things great by figures, pulling on with the ſweate of our ſtudies a great shooe vpon a litle foote, burning out one cãdle in ſeeking for an other, raw wordlings in matters of ſubſtaunce, paſſing wranglers about ſhadowes.

Criti. Then is it time loſt to be a ſcholler. We pages are *Politians*: for looke what we heare our maiſters talke of, we determine of: where we ſuſpect, we vndermine: and

where

where we mislike for some particular grudge, there we pick quarrels for a generall griefe. Nothing amonge vs but in steede of good morow, what newes: wee fal from cogging at dice, to cogge with states: & so forward are meane mē in those matters, that they wold be cocks to tread down others, before they be chickēs to rise themselues. Youthes are very forwarde to stroke their chins, though they haue no beardes, and to lie as lowd as hee that hath liued longest.

Molus. These be the golden daies.

Criti. Then be they very darke daies: for I can see no golde.

Molus. You are grosse witted, maister courtier.

Criti. And you maister scholler slender witted.

Molus I meant times which were prophecied golden for plentie of all things, sharpnesse of wit, excellencie in knowledge, pollicy in gouernment, for,

Criti. Softe *Scholaris*, I denie your argument.

Molus. Why it is no argument.

Criti. Then I denie it because it is no argument. But let vs go and follow our maisters.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Schæna quarta.

Mileta, Lamia, Fauilla, Ismena, Canope, Eugenna.

Mylet. Is it not straung that Phao on the sodain shuld be so faire?

Lamia. It cannot be straunge, sith *Venus* was disposed to make him faire. That cunning had beene better bestowed on women, which would haue deserued thankes of nature.

Isme. Haplye she did in spite of women, or scorne of nature.

Cano. Proude elfe, how squeamish he is become alreadie, vsing both disdaineful lookes, & imperious words: insomuch that he galleth with ingratitude. And then Ladies you know how it cutteth a woman to become a wooer.

Enge. Tuſh, children and fooles, the fairer they are, the ſooner they yeeld, an apple will catch the one, a baby the other.

Iſme. Your loouer I think be a faire foole: for you loue nothing but fruit and puppets.

Milet. I laugh at that you all call loue, and iudge it onely a worde called loue. Me thinks lyking, a curteſie, a ſmile, a beck, and ſuch like, are the very Quinteſſence of loue.

Fauilla I, *Mileta*, but were you as wiſe, as you would be thought faire, or as faire, as you think your ſelf wiſe, you would bee as ready to pleaſe men, as you are coye to pranke your ſelfe, & as carefull to bee accounted amorous, as you are willing to be thought diſcrete.

Milet. No, no, men are good ſoules (poore ſoules:) who neuer enquire but with their eies, louing to father the cradle, though they but mother the childe. Giue me their giftes, not their vertues, a graine of their golde weigheth downe a pound of their witt, a dram of giue me, is heauier then an ounce of heare me. Beleeue mee Ladies, giue is a pretie thing.

Iſme. I cannot but oftentimes ſmile to my ſelfe, to heare men call vs weake veſſelles, when they proue thé-ſelues broken hearted, vs fraile, when their thoughtes cannot hang togeather, ſtudying with words to flatter, and with bribes to allure, when we commóly wiſh their tongues in their purſes, they ſpeake ſo ſimply, and their offers in their bellies, they doe it ſo peeuiſhly.

Milet. It is good ſporte to ſee them want matter: for then fall they to good manners, hauing nothing in their mouthes but ſweet miſtreſſe, wearing our hands out with courtly kiſſings, when their wits faile in courtly diſcourſes. Now rufling their haires, now ſetting their ruffes, then gazing with their eies, then ſighing with a priuie wring by the hand, thinking vs like to be wowed by ſignes and ceremonies.

Enge.

Euge. Yet we, when we ſweare with our mouthes wee are not in loue, then we ſigh from the heart and pine in loue.

Cano. Wee are madde wenches, if men marke our wordes: for whē I ſay, I would none cared for loue more then I, what meane I, but I woulde none loued but I, where we cry away, doe we not preſently ſay, go too: & when men ſtriue for kiſſes, we exclaime, let vs alone, as though we would fall to that our ſelues.

Fauilla Nay, then Canope, it is time to goe, and beehold Phao.

Iſme. Where?

Fauilla In your heade Iſmena, no where els: but let vs keepe on our way.

Iſmæ. Wiſely.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus, Schæna prima,

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao. Phao, thy meane fortune cauſeth thee to vſe an oare, and thy ſodaine bewtie a glaſſe: by the one is ſeene thy need, in the other thy pride. O *Venus*, in thinking thou haſt bleſt me, thou haſt curſt me, adding to a poore eſtate, a proud heart: and to a diſdained man, a diſdaining minde. Thou doeſt not flatter thy ſelfe Phao, thou art faire: faire? I feare me faire, be a word too foule for a face ſo paſſing fayre. But what auaileth bewtie, hadſt thou all things thou wouldeſt wiſh, thou mightſt die to morrow, and didſt thou want al things thou deſireſt, thou ſhalt liue till thou dieſt. Tuſhe Phao, there is growne more pride in thy minde, then fauour in thy face. Bluſh fooliſh boy, to think on thine own thoughts: ceaſe complaints, & craue counſell. And loe, behold Sybilla in the mouth of her caue, I will ſalute her. Ladye, I feare me I am out of my way, and ſo benighted withall that I am compelled to aske your direction.

Syb. Faire youth, if you will be aduiſed by mee, you ſhal for this time ſeeke none other Inne, then my caue: for that it is no leſſe perillous to trauaile by night, then vncomfortable.

Phao Your curteſie offered hath preuented what my neceſsity was to entreate.

Syb. Come neere, take a ſtoole, and ſit downe. Now, for that theſe winter nights are long, and that children delight in nothing more then to heare old wiues tales, we will beguile the time with ſome ſtorie. And though you behold wrinkles and furrowes in my tawny face: yet may you happily finde wiſdome and counſell in my white haires.

Phao Lady nothing can content me better thē a tale, neither is there any thing more neceſſary for mee then counſell.

Syb. Were you borne ſo faire by nature?

Phao No, made ſo faire by Venus.

Syb. For what cauſe?

Phao I feare me for ſome curſe.

Syb. Why, doe you loue, and cannot obteine?

Phao No. I may obteine but cannot loue.

Syb. Take heede of that my childe.

Phao I cannot chuſe good Madame.

Syb. Then hearken to my tale, which I hope ſhall be as a ſtreight thread to leade you out of thoſe crooked conceites, and place you in the plaine path of loue.

Phao I attend.

Syb. When I was young, as you nowe are, I ſpeake it without boaſting, I was as bewtifull: for *Phœbus* in his Godhead ſought to gette my maydenhead; but I, fonde wench, receiuing a benefit from aboue, began to waxe ſqemiſhe beneath, not vnlike to *Aſolis*, which beeing made greene by heauenly droppes, ſhrinketh into the grounde when there fall ſhowers: or the *Syrian* mudde, which being made white chalk by the ſunne, neuer ceaſeth rolling, til it lie in the ſhadow. He to ſweete praiers

added

added great promiſes, I either deſirous to make trial of his power, or willing to prolong mine owne life, caught vp my handful of ſand, conſenting to his ſuite, if I might liue as many yeares as there were graines. *Phœbus*, (for what cannot Gods doe, and what for loue will they not do,) graunted my petition. And then I ſighe and bluſhe to tell the reſt, I recalled my promiſe.

Phao. Was not the God angry to ſee you vnkinde?

Syb. Angry my boy, which was the cauſe that I was vnfortunate.

Phao What reuenge for ſuch rigor vſed the Gods?

Syb. None, but ſuffring vs to liue, and know wee are no Gods.

Sapho. I pray tell on.

Syb. I will. Hauing receiued long life by Phœbus, & rare bewtie by nature, I thought all the yeere woulde haue beene May, that freſh colours would alwaies continue, ỳ time & fortune could not weare out, what Gods and nature had wrought vppe: not once imagining that white and read ſhould returne to black and yellow, the Iuniper, the longer it grew, the crookedder it waxed, or that in a face without blemiſh, there ſhould come wrinkles without number. I did as you do, go with my glaſſe, rauiſhed with the pride of mine own bewtie, & you ſhall do as I doe, loath to ſee a glaſſe, diſdaining deformitie. There was none that heard of my fault, but ſhunned my fauour, inſomuch as I ſtooped for age before I taſted of youth, ſure to be long liued, vncerteine to bee beloued. Gentlemen that vſde to ſigh from their heartes for my ſweete loue, began to point with their fingers at my withered face, & laughed to ſee the eies, out of which fire ſeemed to ſparkle, to be ſuckered being old with ſpectacles. This cauſeth me to withdraw my ſelfe to a ſolitary caue, where I muſt leade ſixe hundred yeeres in no leſſe penſiueneſſe of crabbed age, then grief of remembred youth. Only this comfort, that being ceaſed to be faire, I ſtudy to be wiſe, wiſhing to be thought a graue matrõ, ſince I cannot returne to be a young maide.

Phao

Phao Is it not posſible to die before you become ſo old?

Sybilla No more posſible then to returne as you are, to be ſo young.

Phao Could not you ſettle your fancie vpon any, or would not deſtinie ſuffer it?

Sybilla Women willinglye aſcribe that to fortune, which wittingly was committed by frowardneſſe.

Phao What will you haue me doe?

Sybilla Take heede you do not as I did. Make not too much of fading bewty, which is fair in the cradle, & foul in the graue, reſembling *Polyon*, whoſe leaues are white in the morning, and blew before night, or *Anyta*, which being a ſweet flower at the riſing of the ſunne, becommeth a weede, if it be not pluckt before the ſetting. Fair faces haue no fruites, if they haue no witneſſes. When you ſhall behold ouer this tender fleſh a tough skinne, your eies which were wont to glaunce on others faces to be ſuncke ſo hollow, that you can ſcarce looke out of your own head, and when all your teech ſhall wagge as faſte as your tongue, thē wil you repent the time which you cannot recall, and be enforced to beare what moſte you blame. Looſe not the pleaſaunt time of your youth, then the which there is nothing ſwifter, nothing ſweeter. Bewtie is a ſlippery good, which decreaſeth whileſt it is encreaſing, reſēbling the Medler, which in the moment of his full ripenes is known to be in a rottennes. Whiles you looke in the glaſſe, it waxeth old with time, if on the Sunne parcht with heate, if on the winde, blaſted with cold. A great care to keepe it, a ſhort ſpace to enioy it, a ſodain time to looſe it. Be not coy. when you are courted. Fortunes wings are made of times feathers, which ſtay not whileſt one may meaſure them. Be affable and curteous in youth, that you may be honoured in age. Roſes that loſe their colours, keepe their ſauours, and pluckt from the ſtalke, are put to the ſtill. *Co-*

toned

tonea, because it bowreth when the sunne riseth, is sweetest, when it is oldest: and children, which in their tẽder yeeres sow curtesie, shal in their declining states reap pitie. Be not proud of bewties painting, whose colours cõsume themselues, because they are bewties painting.

Phao I am driuen by your counsell into diuerse conceites, neither knowing how to stande, or where to fall, but to yeelde to loue is the only thing I hate.

Sybilla I cõmit you to fortune, who is like to play such prancks with you, as your tẽder yeeres can scarse beare, nor your greene wits vnderstand. But repaire vnto me often, and if I cannot remoue the effectes, yet I will manifest the causes.

Phao I goe, ready to returne for aduice, before I am resolued to aduenture.

Sybilla Yet hearken two words, thou shalt get friendshippe by dissembling, loue by hatred, vnlesse thou perish, thou shalt perish: in digging for a stone, thou shalt reach a starre: thou shalt be hated most, because thou art loued most. Thy death shalbe feared & wished; so much for prophecie, which nothing can preuent: and this for counsell, which thou maist follow. Keepe not companie with Antes, that haue winges, nor talke with any, neere the hill of a mowle, where thou smellest the sweetnesse of serpents breath; beware thou touch no parte of the bodie. Be not mery among those that put Bugloss in their wine, and suger in thine. If any talke of the Eclipse of the sunne, say thou neuer sawest it. Nourishe no conies in thy vaultes, nor swallowes in thine eues. Sowe next thy vine *Mandrage*, and euer keepe thine eares open, and thy mouth shut, thine eies vpwarde, and thy fingers downe: so shalt thou doe better then otherwise, though neuer so well as I wishe.

Phao Alas Madame, your propheste threatneth miseries, and your counsell warneth impossibilities.

Sybilla Farewell, I can answere no more.

Actus secundus, Scena secunda.

Phao, Sapho, Trachinus, Pandion, Criticus, Molus.

Phao Vnhappy Phao. But soft, what gallant troupe is this? What Gentlewoman is this?

Criti. Sapho, a Lady heere in *Syrill*.

Sapho. What faire boy is that?

Trach. Phao, the Ferrie man of *Syracusa*.

Phao I neuer saw one more braue: be all ladies of such maiestie?

Criti. No, this is she that all wonder at and worship.

Sapho. I haue seldome seene a sweeter face. Be all Ferrie men of that faireneſſe?

Trach. No Madame, this is he that *Venus* determined among men to make the faireſt.

Sapho. Seeing I am onely come forth to take the ayre, I will crosse the Ferrie, and so the fields, then going in through the park, I think the walke wil be pleasant.

Trach. You wil much delight in the flattering greene, which now beginneth to be in his glory.

Sapho Sir boy, will yee vndertake to cary ouer the water? Are you dumb, can you not speake?

Phao Madame, I craue pardon, I am spurblinde, I could scarse see.

Sapho It is pitie in so good a face there should bee an euill eie.

Phao I would in my face there were neuer an eie.

Sapho Thou canst neuer be rich in a trade of life of all the baseſt.

Phao Yet content Madame, which is a kind of life of all the beſt.

Sapho Wilt thou forsake the ferrie, and followe the court as a Page?

Phao As it pleaseth fortune Madame, to whome I am aprentice.

Sapho Come, let vs goe?

Trach.

Trachi. Will you goe Pandion,
Pandi. Yea.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus, Schæna tertia.

Molus, Cryticus, Calypho.

Molus Cryticus comes in good time, I shall not bee alone. What newes Cryticus?
Cryti. I taught you that lesson, to aske what newes, & this is the newes: to morow ther shalbe a desperate fray betweene two, made at all weapons, from the browne bill to the bodkin.
Molus Now thou talkest of frayes, I pray thee what is that, whereof they talke so commonlye in courte, valour, the stab, the pistoll, for the which euery man that dareth is so much honoured?
Criti. O *Molus*, beware of valour, hee that can looke bigge, and weare his dagger pomel lower thē the point, that lyeth at a good warde, and can hit a button with a thrust, and will into the field man to man for a boute or two, he, Molus, is a shrewd fellow, and shall be well followed.
Molus What is the end?
Criti. Daunger or death.
Molus If it be but death that bringeth all this commendation, I account him as valiant that is killed with a surfet, as with a sword.
Criti. How so?
Molus If I venture vpon a full stomacke to eat a rasher on the coales, a carbonado, drinke a carouse, swallow all things that may procure sickneſſe or death, am not I as valiaunt to die so in a house, as the other in a field? Me thinkes that Epicures are as desperate as soldiours, and cookes prouide as good weapons as cutlers?

Criti. O valiaunt knight.

Molus I will die for it, what greater valor?

Criti. Schollers fight, who rather ſeeke to choak their ſtomackes, then ſee their blood.

Molus I will ſtand vppon this point, if it bee valour to dare die, he is valiaunt how ſoeuer he dieth.

Criti. Well, of this hereafter but here commeth Calipho, we will haue ſome ſporte.

Caly. My miſtreſſe, I think hath got a Gadfly, neuer at home, and yet none can tel where abrode. My maiſter was a wiſe man, when he matcht with ſuch a womanne. When ſhe comes in, we muſt put out the fire, becauſe of the ſmoake, hang vp our hammers becauſe of the noiſe, and doe no worke, but watch, what ſhee wanteth. She is faire, but by my troath I doubt of her honeſtie. I muſte ſeeke her, that I feare Mars hath found.

Criti. Whom doeſt thou ſeeke?

Caly. I haue found thoſe I ſeeke not.

Molus I hope you haue found thoſe, which are honeſt.

Caly. It may be, but I ſeeke no ſuch.

Molus Cryticus, you ſhall ſee me by learning to proue Calipho to bee the deiuil.

Cryti. Let vs ſee, but I pray thee proue it better, then thou didſt thy ſelf to be valiant.

Molus Calipho, I will proue thee to bee the diuell.

Caly. Then will I ſweare thee to bee a God.

Molus The diuell is black.

Caly. What care I.

Molus Thou art black.

Caly. What care you.

Molus Therfore thou art the diuell.

Caly. I denie that.

Molus It is the concluſion, thou muſt not denie it.

Caly. In ſpite of all concluſions, I will denie it.

Criti. Molus, the Smith holdes you hard.

Molus Thou ſeeſt he hath no reaſon.

Criti. Trie him againe.

Molus I will reaſon with thee now from a place.
Caly. I meane to anſwere you in no other place.
Molus Like maiſter, like man.
Caly. Yt may be.
Molus But thy maiſter hath hornes.
Caly. And ſo maiſt thou.
Molus Therefore thou haſt hornes, and ergo a deuill.
Caly. Be they all diuelles haue hornes?
Molus All men that haue hornes, are.
Caly. Then are there moe diuels on earth thē in hell.
Molus But what doeſt thou anſwere?
Caly. I deny that.
Molus What?
Caly. Whatſoeuer it is, that ſhall proue mee a diuell. But heareſt thou ſcholler, I am a plaine fellow, and can faſhion nothing but with the hammer. What wilt thou ſay, if I proue thee a ſmith?
Molus Then will I ſay thou art a ſcholler.
Cryti. Proue it Calipho, and I will giue thee a good Colaphum.
Caly. I will proue it, or els,
Criti. Or els what?
Caly. Or els I will not proue it. Thou art a Smith: therefore thou art a ſmith. The concluſion, you ſay, muſt not bee denyed: & therfore it is true, thou art a ſmith.
Molus I, but I denie your Antecedent.
Caly. I, but you ſhal not. Haue I not toucht him Cryticus?
Criti. You haue both done learnedly; for as ſure as he is a ſmith, thou art a diuell.
Caly. And then he a deuill, becauſe a ſmith: for that it was his reaſō to make me a deuil, being a ſmith.
Molus There is no reaſoning with theſe *Mechanical* doltes, whoſe wits are in their hands, not in their heads.
Criti. Be not cholericke, you are wiſe: but let vs take vp this matter with a ſong.

Caly. I am content, my voice is as good as my reason.
Molus Than ſhall we haue ſweete muſick. But come, I will not breake of.

Song. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus, Schæna quarta.

Phao, Sybilla.

Phao What vnacquainted thoughtes are theſe Phao, farre vnfit for thy thoughtes, vnmeet for thy birth, thy fortune, thy yeares, for Phao: vnhappy, canſt thou not be content to beholde the ſunne, but thou muſte couet to build thy neſt in the Sunne? Doth Sapho bewitch thee, whome all the Ladies in *Sicily* coulde not wooe: Yea, poore Phao, the greatneſſe of thy mind is far aboue the bewtie of thy face, and the hardneſſe of thy fortune beyonde the bitterneſſe of thy words: Die Phao, Phao die: for there is no hope if thou bee wiſe, nor ſafetie, if thou be fortunate: Ah Phao, the more thou ſeekeſt to ſuppreſſe thoſe mounting affections, they ſoare the loftier, & the more thou wraſtleſt with them the ſtronger they waxe, not vnlike vnto a ball, which the harder it is throwne againſt the earth, the higher it boundeth into the ayre: or our Sycilyan ſtone, which groweth hardeſt by hammeringe. O diuine loue, and therefore diuine, becauſe loue, whoſe deitie no conceite canne compaſe, and therfore no authoritie canne conſtraine, as miraculous in working as mightie, & no more to bee ſuppreſſed then comprehended. Howe now Phao, whether art thou caried, committing idolatrie with that God, whome thou haſt cauſe to blaſpheme. O Sapho, faire Sapho; peace miſerable wretch, enioy thy care in couert, weare willow in thy hatte, and baies in thy hart. Leade a Lamb in thy hand, & a Fox in thy head; a doue on the back of thy hand, & a ſparow in the palme. Gold boyleth beſt, whē it bubleth leaſt, water runneth ſmoothеſt, where it is deepeſt. Let thy loue hang at thy hearts bottom,

bottome,not at the tongues brimme. Things vntold, are vndone,there can be no greater comforte, then to know much,nor any leſſe labour,then to ſaye nothing. But ah thy bewty Sapho,thy bewty. Beginneſt thou to blabbe? I,blabbe io Phao,as long as thou blabbeſt her bewty.Bees that die with honney,are buried with harmonie.Swannes that end their liues with songs,are couered when they are dead,with flowers: and they that till their latter gaſpe commend bewty,ſhall be euer honoured with benefites. In theſe extreamities I will goe to none other Oracle then Sybilla, whoſe olde yeares haue not beene idle in theſe young attemptes,& whoſe ſound aduice may mitigate (though the heauēs cannot remoue)my miſeries. O Sapho,ſweete Sapho,Sapho.Sibilla?

Syb. Who is there?

Phao One not worthy to be one.

Syb. Faire Phao?

Phao Vnfortunate Phao.

Syb. Come in.

Phao So I wil,and quite thy tale of Phœbus, with one whoſe brightneſſe darkeneth Phœbus.I loue Sapho,Sybilla,Sapho,ah Sapho,Sybilla.

Syb. A ſhort tale Phao,and a ſorowfull, it asketh pitie rather then counſell.

Phao So it is Sybilla:yet in thoſe firm yeares me thinketh there ſhold harbour ſuch experience, as may deferre,though not take away,my deſtinie.

Syb. It is hard to cure that by wordes, which cannot be eaſed by hearbes,and yet if thou wilt take aduice,be attentiue.

Phao I haue brought mine eares of purpoſe, and will hāg at your mouth, til you haue finiſhed your diſcourſe.

Syb. Loue,faire child,is to be gouerned by arte,as thy boat by an oare:for fancie, thogh it cōmeth by hazard, is ruled by wiſdome. If my preceptes may perſwade,

(and I pray thee let them perſwade) I woulde wiſh thee firſt to be diligent: for that womenne deſire nothing more then to haue their ſeruants officious. Be alwaies in ſight, but neuer ſlothful. Flatter I meane, lie, litle things catch light mindes, and fancy is a worme, that feedeth firſt vpon fenell. Imagine with thy ſelfe all are to bee won, otherwiſe mine aduiſe were as vnneceſſary as thy labour. It is vnpoſsible for the brittle mettall of womē to withſtand the flattering attemptes of men: only this, let them be asked, their ſex requireth no leſſe, their modeſties are to be allowed ſo much. Be prodigall in prayſes and promiſes, bewtie muſt haue a trumpet, & pride a gifte. Peacocks neuer ſpread their feathers, but when they are flattered, & Gods are ſeldome pleaſed, if they be not bribed. There is none ſo foule, that thinketh not her ſelfe faire. In commending thou canſt looſe no labor: for of euery one thou ſhalt be beleeued. O ſimple women, that are brought rather to beleeue what their eares heare of flattering men, then what their eies ſee in true glaſſes.

Phao You degreſſe onely to make me beleeue, that women do ſo lightly beleeue.

Sybilla Then to the purpoſe. Chuſe ſuch times to break thy ſuite, as thy Lady is pleaſant. The wooden horſe entred *Troy*, when the ſoldiers were quaffyng, and *Penelope* forſooth, whome fables make ſo coy, among the pottes wrong her wooers by the fiſts, when ſhe lowred on their faces. Grapes are minde glaſſes. *Venus* worketh in *Bacchus* preſſe, & bloweth fire vpon his lycour. When thou talkeſt with her, let thy ſpeach be pleaſant, but not incredible. Chuſe ſuch words as may (as many may) melt her minde. Honney ranckleth, when it is eaten for pleaſure, and faire words wound, when they are hearde for loue. Write, and perſiſt in writing, they read more then is written to them, & write leſſe then they thinke. In cōceite ſtudie to be pleaſaunt, in attire braue, but not too curious,

curious,when she smileth,laugh outright,if rise, stande vp,if sit,lye downe.Loose al thy time to keepe time with her.Can you sing, shew your cunning, can you daunce, vse your legges, can you play vppó any instrument,practise your fingers to please her fancy, seeke out qualyties.If she seeme at the first cruell,be not discouraged. I tell the a straung thing, women̄e striue, because they would be ouercome, force they call it: but such a welcome force they account it,that continually,they study to be enforced. To faire words ioyne sweet kisses,which if they gently receiue,I say no more, they wil gently receiue.But be not pinned alwaies on her sleeues,straungers haue greene rushes,whē daily guests are not worth a rushe.Looke pale,and learne to be leane, that who so seeth thee,may say,the Gentleman is in loue. Vse no forcerie to hasten thy successe,wit is a witch, *Vlysses* was not faire, but wise,not cunning in charmes, but sweete in speach,whose filed tōgue made those inamoured that sought to haue him inchaũted.Be not coy,beare,sooth, sweare,die to please thy Lady,these are rules for poore louers,to others I am no mistresse.He hath wit ynough, that can giue ynough.Dumbe men are eloquent,if they be liberall.Beleeue me great gifts are little Gods.When thy mistresse doth bend her brow,do not thou bend thy fiste.Camokes must be bowed with sleight, not strēgth, water to be trained with pipes,not stopped with sluses, fire to be quenched with dust,not with swordes.If thou haue a ryuall,be pacient,arte muste winde him out,not malice:time,not might, her chaunge, and thy constancie.Whatsoeuer she weareth:sweare it becomes her. In thy loue be secrete. *Venus* cofers, though they bee hollow,neuer sound, & when they seeme emptiest,they are fullest.Old foole that I am,to doe thee good, I beginne to doate,& counsell that,which I woulde haue concealed.Thus Phao haue I giuen thee certeine regardes, no rules,only to set thee in the way,not to bring thee hōe.

Phao Ah Sybilla; I pray goe on, that I may glutte my
selfe in this science.

Syb. Thou shalt not surfette Phao, whilest I diet thee.
Flyes that die on the honneysuckle become poyson to
bees. A little in loue is a great deale.

Phao But all that can be saide not enough.

Syb. White siluer draweth blacke lines, and sweete
wordes will breede sharpe tormentes.

Phao What shall become of mee?

Syb. Goe dare

Phao I goe, Phao, thou canst but die, & then as good
die with great desires, as pine in base fortunes.

Exit.

Actus tertius, Schæna prima.

Trachinus, Pandion, Milæa, Ismena, Eugenna.

Trach. Sapho is falne sodenly sick, I cannot guesse the
cause.

Milet. Some colde belike, or els a womans qualme.

Pandi. A straunge nature of colde, to driue one into
such an heate.

Milet. Your Phisick sir I thinke be of the second sort,
els would you not iudge it rare, that whot feuers are in-
gendred by cold causes.

Pandi. Indeede Lady, I haue no more Phisick then wil
purge choller, and that if it please you, I will practise vp-
pon you: It is good for women that be waspish.

Isme. Fayth sir no, you are best purge your owne me-
lancholy: belike you are a male content.

Pandi. It is true, and are not you a female content.

Trach. Softe, I am not content, that a male and Female
content, should go together.

Milet. Ismena is disposed to be merie.

Isme. No, it is Pandion would faine seeme wise.

Trach. You shall not fall out? for Pigions after byting
fall to billing, and open iarres make the closest iestes.

Euge.

Euge. Mileta, Ismena, Mileta: Come away, my Lady is in a sowne.

Milet. Ayd me!

Isme. Come, let vs make haste,

Trach. I am sorie for Sapho, because she will take no Phisicke, like you Pandion; who being sick of the sullens, will seeke no friend.

Pandi. Of men we learne to speake, of Gods to holde our peace. Silence shall disgeste what folly hath swallowed, and wisdome weane what fancie hath noursed.

Trach. Is it not loue?

Pandi. If it were, what then?

Trach. Nothing, but that I hope it be not.

Pandi. Why, in courtes there is nothing more common. And as to be bald among the *Mimmyans* it was accounted no shame, because they were all balde: so to be in loue among courtiers it is no discredit, for that they are al in loue.

Trach. Why, what doe you think of our Ladies?

Pandi. As of the *Seres* wooll, which beeing whitest & softest, fretteth soonest and deepest.

Trach. I will not tempt you in your deepe Melãcholy, least you seeme sowre to those, which are so sweete. But come, let vs walke a litle into the fieldes, it may bee the open ayre will disclose your close conceites.

Pandi. I will goe with you: but send our pages away.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Schæna secunda.

Cyriacus, Molus, Cithyboi

Criti. What? browne studie all day in Molus, no mirth? no life?

Molus I am in the depth of my learning driuen to amuse, how this lent I shall scamble in the court, that was woont to fast so often in the Vniuersitie.

Criti Thy belly is thy God.

Molus Then is he a deafe God.

Criti. Why?

Molus For *venter non habet aures*. But thy backe is thy God.

Criti. Then is it a blind God.

Molus How prouest thou that?

Criti. Easie. *Nemo videt mantica, quod in tergo est.*

Molus Then would the sachell that hanges at your backe, were full of meate to stuffe my God, *ad os*, your backe, were full of meate to stuffe my God, *ad os*, my belly.

Criti. Excellent. But how canst thou studie, when thy minde is only in the kitchen?

Molus Doth not the horse trauell beste, that sleapeth with his head in the maunger?

Criti. Yes, what then?

Molus Good wittes will apply. But what cheere is there here this Lent?

Criti. Fish.

Molus I can eate none, it is winde.

Criti. Egges.

Molus I must eate none, they are fire.

Criti. Cheese.

Molus It is against the old verse, *Caseus est nequam.*

Criti. Yea, but it disgesteth all things except it selfe.

Molus Yea, but if a man hath nothing els to eate, what shall it disgest?

Criti. You are disposed to iest. But if your silke throat can swallow no packthread, you must pick your teeth, and play with your trencher.

Molus So shall I not incurre the fulsom & vnmanerly crime of surfetting. But here commeth Calipho.

Criti. What newes?

Caly. Since my being here, I haue sweat like a dogge, to proue my maister a deuill, hee brought such reasons to refel me, as I promise you, I shall like the better of his witte, as long as I am with him.

Molus

Molus How?

Caly. Thus, I alwayes arguing that he had hornes, & therefore a diuell, he saide: foole, they are things lyke hornes, but no hornes. For once in the Senate of Gods being holde a solemn session, in the midst of their talk I put in my sentence, which was so indifferent, that they all concluded it might aswel haue beene lefte out, as put in, and so placed on each side of my head things lyke hornes, and called me a *Parentheſis*. Nowe my maisters, this may be true, for I haue seene it my selfe aboute diuerse sentences.

Molus It is true, and the same time did *Mars* make a full point, that Vulcans head was made a *Parentheſis*.

Criti. This shall go with me, I trust in *Syracusa* to giue one or other a *Parentheſis*.

Molus Is *Venus* yet come home?

Caly. No, but were I Vulcan, I would by the Gods,

Criti. What wouldest thou?

Caly. Nothing, but as Vulcan halt by the Gods.

Criti. I thought you would haue hardly entreated Venus.

Caly. Nay, Venus is easily entreated: but let that goe bie.

Criti. What?

Caly. That which maketh so many *Parentheſis*.

Molus I must goe by too, or els my maister will not go by mee: but meete me full with his fiste. Therfore, if we shall sing, giue me my part quickly: for if I tarrie long, I shall cry my parte wofully.

Song. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Schæna tertia.

Sapho in her bed, *Mileta*, *Ismena*, *Kanope*, *Eugenua*, *Fauilla*, *Lamya*.

Sapho. Hey ho: I know not which way to turne me. Ah, ah, I fainte, I die,

Milet. Madame, I thinke it good you haue more clothes, and ſweate it out.
Sapho No, no, the beſt eaſe I finde is to ſigh it out.
Iſme. A ſtraunge diſeaſe, that ſhould breede ſuch a deſire.
Sapho A ſtrang deſire that hath brought ſuch a diſeaſe.
Cano. Where, Ladie, doe you feele your moſt paine?
Sapho Where no bodie els can feele it Canope.
Cano. At the heart?
Sapho In the heart.
Cano. Will you haue any *Mithrydate*?
Sapho Yea, if for this diſeaſe there wer any *Mithrydate*.
Milet. Why? what diſeaſe is it Madam, that phiſick cã not cure?
Sapho Onely the diſeaſe Mileta that I haue.
Milet. Is it a burning ague?
Sapho I thinke ſo, or a burning agonie.
Euge. Will you haue any of this Syrope, to moyſture your mouth?
Sapho Would I had ſome local things to dry my brain.
Fauil. Madame will you ſee if you can ſleepe?
Sapho Sleepe Fauilla? I ſhall then dreame.
Lami. As good dreame ſleeping, as ſigh waking.
Euge. Phao is cunning in all kind of ſimples, and it is hard, if there bee none to procure ſleepe.
Sapho Who?
Euge. Phao.
Sapho Yea Phao, Phao, ah Phao, let him come preſẽtly.
Milet. Shall we draw the curteines, whileſt you gyue your ſelfe to ſlumber?
Sapho Doe, but departe not, I haue ſuch ſtartes in my ſleepe, diſquieted I know not how. *In a ſlumber.* Phao, Phao.
Iſme. What ſay you Madame?
Sapho Nothing, but if I ſleepe not now, you ſende for Phao. Ah Gods.

Shee

Shee falleth asleepe. The Curtaines drawne.

Milet. There is a fish called *Garus*, that healeth al sicknesse, so as whilest it is applyed one name not *Garus*.

Euge. An euill medicine for vs women: for if we shuld be forbidden to name *Garus*, we shuld chat nothing but *Garus*.

Cano. Well said Eugenua, you know your selfe.

Euge. Yea Canope, and that I am one of your sexe.

Isme. I haue hearde of an hearbe called *Lunary*, that being bound to the pulses of the sick, causeth nothinge but dreames of weddings and daunces.

Fauil. I think Ismena, that hearb be at thy pulses now: for thou art euer talking of matches and merymentes.

Cano. It is an vnlucky signe in the chamber of the sick to talke of mariages: for my mother saide, it foreshweth death.

Milet. It is very euill to Canope to sitte at the beddes feete, and foretelleth daunger: therefore remoue your stoole, and sitte by me.

Lamy. Sure it is some cold she hath taken.

Isme. If one were burnt, I thinke wee women woulde say, he died of a cold.

Fauil. It may be some conceite.

Milet. Then is there no feare: for yet did I neuer heare of a woman that died of a conceite.

Euge. I mistruste her not: for that the owle hath not shrikte at the window, or the night Rauen croked, both being fatall.

Fauil. You are all superstitious: for these bee but fancies of doting age: who by chance obseruing it in some, haue set it downe as a religion for all.

Milet. Fauilla, thou art but a Girle, I would not haue a Weesel crye, nor desire to see a Glasse, nor an old wife come into my chamber: for then though I lyngred in my disease, I should neuer escape it.

Sapho Ah,whoe is there? what ſodeine affrightes bee theſe? Me thought Phao came with ſimples to make me ſleep. Did no bodie name Phao beefore I beganne to ſlumber?

Milet Yes,we told you of him.

Sapho Let him be heere too morow.

Milet. He ſhall,will you haue a litle broth to comforte you?

Sahpo I can reliſh nothing.

Milet. Yet a little you muſt take to ſuſtaine nature.

Sapho I cannot Mileta,I will not. Oh,which way ſhall I lye? what ſhall I doe? Heygh ho. O Mileta,help to reare me vp, my bed, my head lyes too lowe. You peſter mee with too many clothes. Fie,you keepe the chamber too hotte,auoide it,it may be I ſhall ſteale a nappe when all are gone.

Mileta Wee will.

Saphoſola. Ah impacient diſeaſe of loue,and Goddeſſe of loue thriſe vnpitifull. The Eagle is neuer ſtricken with thunder,nor the Olyue with lightning,and maye great Ladies be plagued with loue? O *Venus*, haue I not ſtrawed thine Altars with ſweete roſes? kepte thy ſwannes in cleare ryuers? fead thy ſparrowes with ripe corne, & harboured thy doues in faire houſes? Thy Tortoys haue I nouriſhed vnder my fig tree,my chāber haue I ceeled with thy Cockleſhels, & dipped thy ſpung into the freſheſt waters. Didſt thou nourſe me in my ſwadling clouts with wholſome hearbes,that I might periſh in my flowring yeares by fancie? I perceiue,but to late I perceiue, and yet not too late, becauſe at laſt, that ſtraines are caught aſwell by ſtooping too low,as reaching to high: that eies are bleared as ſoone with vapours that come from the earth,as with beames that procede from the ſunne. Loue lodgeth ſometimes in caues: & thou Phœbus,that in the pride of thy hearte ſhineſt all day in our Horizon,at night dippeſt thy head in the Ocean. Reſiſte

siste it Sapho, whilest it is yet tender. Of Acornes comes Oakes, of droppes floudes, of sparkes flames, of Atomies Elementes. But alas it fareth with mee as with waspes, who feeding on serpents, make their stings more venomous: for glutting my selfe on the face of Phao, I haue made my desire more desperate. Into the neast of an *Alcyon* no birde can enter but the *Alcyon*, and into the hart of so great a Ladie can any creep but a great Lord? There is an hearbe (not vnlike vnto my loue) whiche the further it groweth from the sea, the salter it is, and my desires the more they swarue from reason, the more seeme they reasonable. When Phao commeth, what then wilt thou open thy loue? Yea. No Sapho: but staring in his face till thine eies dasell, and thy spirites faint, die before his face: then this shall be written on thy Tomb, that though thy loue were greater then wisdome could endure, yet thine honour was such, as loue could not violate, Mileta?

Milet. I come.

Sapho. It wil not be, I can take no reste, which way soeuer I turne.

Milet. A straunge maladie.

Sapho. Mileta, if thou wilt, a Martiredom. But giue me my lute, and I will see if in songe I can beguile mine owne eies.

Milet. Here Madame.

Sapho. Haue you sent for Phao?

Milet. Yea.

Sapho. And to bring simples that will procure sleepe?

Milet. No.

Sapho Foolish wench, what should the boy do heere, if he bring not remedies with him: you thinke belike I could sleep, if I did but see him. Let him not come at al, yes, let him come: no, it is no matter: yet will I trie, lette him come: doe you heare?

Milet. Yea Madame, it shall be doone. Peace, no noise:

shee beginneth to fall asleepe. I will goe to Phao.

Ismo. Goe speedily: for if she wake, and finde you not heere, shee will bee angry. Sicke folkes are testie, who though they eate nothing yet they feede on gall.

The song.

Actus tertius, Schæna prima.

Mileta, Phao, Ismena, Sapho, Venus.

Milet. I woulde eyther your cunning, Phao, or your fortune might by simples prouoke my Lady to some slumber.

Phao. My simples are in operation as my simplicitie is, which if they do litle good, assuredly they can doe no harme.

Milet. Were I sicke, the verye sight of thy faire face would driue me into a sound sleepe.

Phao. Indeede Gentlewomen are so drowsie in their desires, that they can scarce hold vp their eies for loue.

Milet. I meane the delight of bewtie would so blinde my sences, as I shoulde bee quickly rocked into a deepe rest.

Phao. You women haue an excuse for an aduauntage, which must be allowed: because onely to you women it was allotted.

Milet. Phao, thou art passing faire, & able to drawe a chaste eie not only to glaunce: but to gaze on thee. Thy yong yeares, thy quick wit, thy staied desires are of force to controll those which should commaund.

Phao. Lady, I forgot to commend you first, and leaste I shoulde haue ouerslipped to praise you at all, you haue brought in my bewtie, which is simple, that in curtisie I might remember yours, which is singular.

Milet. You mistake of purpose, or miscōster of malice.

Phao. I am as farre from malice, as you from loue, & to mistake of purpose, were to mislike of peeuishnes.

Milet. As far as I from loue? Why, think you me so dul I cannot loue, or so spitefull I will not? *Phao.*

Phao. Neither Lady: but how shoulde men imagine women can loue, when in their mouths there is nothing rifer, then in faith I do not loue.

Milet. Why, wil you haue womẽs loue in their tongs?

Phao. Yea, els do I think there is none in their harts.

Milet. Why?

Phao. Becauſe there was neuer any thing in the bottõ of a womans hart, that commeth not to her tongs end.

Milet. You are too young to cheapen loue.

Sapho. Yet old ynough to talk with market folkes.

Milet. Well, let vs in.

Iſme. Phao is come.

Sapho. Who? Phao? Phao, let him come neere: but who ſent for him?

Milet. You Madame.

Sapho. I am loath to take any medicins: yet muſt I rather thẽ pine in theſe maladies. Phao, you may make me ſleepe, if you will?

Phao. If I can, I muſt, if you will?

Sapho. What hearbes haue you brought Phao?

Phao. Such as will make you ſleepe Madame, though they cannot make me ſlumber.

Sapho. Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy your ſelfe?

Phao. Yes Madame, the cauſes are contrary. For it is onely a drineſſe in your braines, that keepeth you from reſt, But,

Sapho. But what?

Phao. Nothing, but mine is not ſo.

Sapho. Nay, then I deſpaire of helpe, if our diſeaſe bee not all one.

Phao. I would our diſeaſes were all one.

Sapho. It goes hard with the pacient, whẽ the Phiſition is deſperate.

Phao. Yet *Medæa* made the euerwaking Dragon to ſnorte, when ſhee poore ſoule could not winke.

Sapho. *Medea* was in loue,& nothing could cause her reſt but *Iaſon*.

Phao. Indeede I know no hearb to make louers ſleepe but Heartes eaſe,which beecauſe it groweth ſo high, I cannot reach:for,

Sapho. For whom?

Phao. For ſuch as loue.

Sapho. It groweth very low, and I can neuer ſtoope to it.that,

Phao. That what?

Sapho. That I may gather it:but why doe you ſight ſo Phao?

Phao. It is mine vſe Madame.

Sapho. It will doe you harme,and mee too:for I neuer heare one ſighe,but I muſt ſight alſo.

Phao. It were beſt then that your Ladyſhip giue mee leaue to be gone:for I can but ſigh.

Sapho. Nay ſtay:for now I beginne to ſighe,I ſhall not leaue,though you be gone.But what do you thinke beſt for your ſighing to take it away.

Phao. Yew Madame.

Sapho. Mee?

Phao. No Madame,yewe of the tree.

Sapho. Then will I loue yewe the better.And indeede I think it would make mee ſleepe too, therfore all other ſimples ſet aſide,I will ſimply vſe onely yewe.

Phao. Doe madame:for I think nothing in the world ſo good as yewe.

Sapho. Farewell for this time.

Venus. Is not your name Phao?

Phao. Phao,faire Venus,whom you made ſo faire.

Venus. So paſſing faire,O faire Phao,O ſweete Phao: what wilt thou doe for Venus?

Phao. Any thing that commeth in the compaſſe of my poore fortune.

Venus. Cupid ſhal teach thee to ſhoote,& I will inſtruct thee to diſſemble.

Phao.

Phao. I will learne any thing but diſſembling.
Venus. Why my boy.
Phao. Becauſe then I muſt learne to be a woman.
Venus. Thou heardeſt that of a man.
Phao. Men ſpeake trueth.
Venus. But trueth is a ſhe, and ſo alwaies painted.
Phao. I thinke a painted trueth.
Venus. Well, farewell for this time; for I muſt viſit Sapho. *Phao exit.*

Actus quartus, Schæna prima.

Venus, Sapho, Cupid.

Venus. Sapho, I haue heard thy complaintes, and pittied thine agonies.
Sapho. O Venus, my cares are onely knowne to thee, and by thee only came the cauſe. Cupid, why didſt thou wound me ſo deepe?
Cupid. My mother bad me draw mine arrow to ỹ head.
Sapho. Venus, why didſt thou proue ſo hatefull?
Venus. Cupid tooke a wrong ſhafte.
Sapho. O Cupid too vnkinde, to make me ſo kind, that almoſt I tranſgreſſe the modeſtie of my kinde.
Cupid. I was blind, and could not ſee mine arrow.
Sapho. How came it to paſſe, thou didſt hit my hearte?
Cupid. That came by the nature of the head, which being once let out of the bowe, cã finde none other lighting place but the heart.
Venus. Be not diſmaide, Phao ſhall yeelde.
Sapho. If hee yeelde, then ſhal I ſhame to embrace one ſo meane, if not, die: becauſe I cannot embrace one ſo meane. Thus doe I finde no meane.
Venus. Well, I will worke for thee. Farewell.
Sapho. Farewell ſweet Venus, and thou Cupid, which art ſweeteſt in thy ſharpeneſſe. *Exit Sapho.*

Actus quartus, Schæna ſecunda.

Venus, Cupid.

Venus. Cupid, what haſte thou done? put thine arrowes

in Phaoes eies, and wounded thy mothers heart?

Cupid. You gaue him a face to allure, then why ſhould not I, giue him eies to pearce?

Venus. O Venus, vnhappy Venus, who in beſtowinge a benefit vpon a man, haſte brought a bane vnto a Goddeſſe. What perplexities doſt thou feele? O faire Phao, and therefore made faire to breede in me a frenzie? O would that when I gaue thee golden locks to curle thy head, I had ſhackled thee with yron lockes on thy feete. And when I nourſed thee Sapho with lettice, woulde it had turned to hemlocke. Haue I brought a ſmooth skin ouer thy face, to make a rough ſcarre in my heart? and giuen thee a freſh colour like the damask roſe, to make mine pale like the ſtained Turkie. O Cupid, thy flames with *Pſyches* were but ſparks, and my deſires with *Adonis* but dreames, in reſpecte of theſe vnacquainted tormentes. Laugh *Iuno*, *Venus* is in loue, but *Iuno* ſhall not ſee with whom, leaſt ſhee be in loue. Venus belike is become ſtale. Sapho forſooth becauſe ſhe hath many vertues, therfore ſhe muſt haue all the fauours. Venus waxeth old: and then ſhe was a pretie wench, when Iuno was a young wife, nowe crowes foote is on her eie, and the blacke oxe hath troad on her foote. But were Sapho neuer ſo vertuous, doth ſhe thinke to contend with Venus to be as amorous? Yeelde Phao, but yeeld to me Phao, I entreate where I may commaund, commaunde thou, where thou ſhouldeſt entreate. In this caſe Cupid what is thy coũſell, Venus muſt both play the louer & the diſſembler, & therfore the diſſembler, becauſe the Louer.

Cupid. You will euer be playing with arrows, like childrẽ with kniues, & thẽ when you bleede, you cry, go to Vulcan, entreat by praiers, threatẽ with blowes, wowe with kiſſes, banne with curſes, trie al meanes to rid theſe extremities.

Venus. To what end?

Cupid.

Cupid. That he might make mee new arrowes: for nothing can roote out the desires of Phao, but a new shafte of inconstancie, nor any thing turne Saphoes hart, but a new arrow of disdaine. And then they disliking one the other, who shall inioy Phao but Venus?

Venus. I will follow thy counsell. For Venus, though she be in her latter age for yeares: yet is she in her Nonage for affections. When Venus ceaseth to loue, let loue cease to rule. But come, let vs to Vulcan.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Schæna tertia.

Sapho, Mileta, Ismena, Eugenia, Lamya, Faulla, Canope.

Sapho. What dreames are these Mileta? and can there be no trueth in dreams? yea, dreams haue their trueth. Me thought I saw a Stockdoue or woodquist, I knowe not how to tearm it, that brought short strawes to build his neast in a tall Cædar, where, whiles with his bill hee was framing his buylding, he lost as many fethers from his wings, as he laid strawes in his neast: yet scambling to catch hold to harbor in the house he had made, he sodenly fell from the bough where he stoode. And the pitifully casting vp his eies, he cried in such tearmes (as I imagined) as might either cõdemne the nature of such a tree, or the daring of such a minde. Whilest he lay quaking vpõ the ground, & I gazing one the Cæder, I might perceiue Antes to breede in the rinde, coueting only to hoord, & caterpillers to cleaue to the leaues, labouring only to suck, which caused mo leaues to fall frõ the tree, thẽ there did feathers before frõ the doue. Me thought Mileta, I sighed in my sleepe, pittying both the fortune of the bird, & the missortun of the tree: but in this time quils began to bud againe in the bird, which made him looke as though he would flie vp, and then wished I that the body of the tree woulde bowe, that hee might but creepe vp the tree, then and so. Hey, ho.

Milet. And so what?

Sapho. Nothing Mileta: but, and so I waked. But did no bodie dreame but I?

Milet. I dreamed last night, but I hope dreames are contrary, that holding my heade ouer a sweete smoke, al my haire blazd on a bright flame. Me thought *Ismena* cast water to quench it: yet the sparks fell on my bosom, and wiping them away with my hand, I was all in a gore bloud, till one with a few fresh flowers staunched it. And so stretching my self as stif I started, it was but a dream.

Isme. It is a signe you shall fall in loue with hearinge faire words. Water signifieth counsell, flowers death. And nothing can purge your louing humour but death.

Milet. You are no interpreter: but an interprater, harping alwaies vpon loue, till you be as blind as a Harpar.

Isme. I remember last night but one, I dreamed mine eie tooth was lose, & that I thrust it out with my tonge.

Milet. It foretelleth the losse of a friende: and I euer thought thee so full of prattle, that thou wouldest thrust out the best friend with the tatling.

Isme. Yea Mileta; but it was loose before, and if my friend bee lose, as good thrust out with plaine words, as kept in with dissembling.

Euge. Dreams are but dotings, which come either by things wee see in the day, or meates that we eate, and so the common sense preferring it to bee the imaginatiue.

Isme. Softe *Philosophatrix*; well seene in the secretes of arte, and not seduced with the superstitions of nature.

Sapho. Ismenes tongue neuer lyeth still, I think all her teeth will bee loose, they are so often iogged againste her tongue. But say on Eugenia.

Euge. There is all.

Sapho. What did you dreame, Canope?

Cano. I seldome dreame Madame: but sithence your sickenesse, I cannot tell whether with ouerwatching: but I haue had many phantastical visions, for euen now slum-

bring

bring by your beddes side, mee thought I was shadowed with a clowd, where labouring to vnwrap my selfe, I was more intangled. But in the midst of my striving, it seemed to mysell gold, with faire drops, I filled my lap, and running to shew it my fellowes, it turned to duste, I blushed, they laughed, and then I waked, being glad it was but a dreame.

Isme. Take heede Canope, that gold tempt not your lappe, and then you blush for shame.

Cano. It is good lucke to dreame of gold.

Isme. Yea, if it had continued gold!

Lamya. I dreame euery night, and the last night this. Me though that walking in the sunne, I was stung with the flye *Tarantula*, whose venom nothing can expell but the sweete consent of musicke. I tried all kinde of instruments, but found no ease, till at the last two Lutes tuned in one key, so glutted my thirsting eares, that my griefe presently seased, for ioye whereof as I was clapping my handes, your Ladyship called.

Milet. It is a signe that nothing shall asswage your loue but mariage: for such is the tying of two in wedlocke, as is the tuning of two Lutes, in one key: for strikinge the stringes of the one, strawes will stirre vpon the stringes of the other, and in two mindes lincked in loue, one cannot be delighted but the other reioyceth.

Fauil. Mee thought going by the sea side amonge Pebels, I sawe one playing with a rounde stone, euer throwing it into the water, when the sunne shined: I asked the name, hee saide, it was called *Abeston*, which being once whotte, would neuer be cold, he gaue it me, and vanished. I forgetting my selfe, delighted with the fayre showe, woulde alwayes shewe it by candle light, pull it out in the Sunne, and see howe bright it woulde look in the fire, where catching heate, nothing could coole it: for anger I threwe it against the wall, and with the hea-

wing up of myne arme I waked.

Milet. Beware of loue, Faulta: for women hearts are such stones, which warmed by affection, cannot be coold by wisdome.

Faul. I warrant you: for I neuer credit mennes words.

Isme. Yet be wary: for women are scorched sometimes with mens eies, though they had rather consume then confesse.

Sapho. Cease your talking: for I would faine sleepe, to see if I can dreame, whether the birde hath feathers, or the Antes winges. Draw the curteine.

Actus quartus, Schæna quarta.

Venus, Vulcan, Cupid.

Venus. Come Cupid, Vulcans flames must quench Venus fires. Vulcan?

Vulc. Who?

Venus. Venus.

Vulc. Ho, ho, Venus.

Venus. Come sweete Vulcan, thou knoweſt how sweete thou hast found Venus, who being, of all the gooddesses the most faire, hath chosen thee of all the Gods the most foule, thou must needes then confesse I was most louing. Enquire not the cause of my suite by questions: but preuent the effects by curtisie. Make me six arrowe heads: it is giuen thee of the Gods by permission to frame them to any purpose, I shall requeſt them by praier. Why lowreſt thou Vulcan? wilt thou haue a kisse? holde vppe thy head. Venus hath young thoughtes, and fresh affections. Rootes haue stringes, when boughs haue no leaues. But hearken in thine eare Vulcan: how saieſt thou?

Vulc. Vulcan is a God with you; when you are disposed to flatter. A right womanne, whose tongue is lyke a

Bees ſtinge, which pricketh deepeſt, when it is fulleſt of honnye. Becauſe you haue made mine eies dronk with fayre lookes, you wil ſet mine eares on edge with ſweete words. You were woont to ſay that the beating of hammers made your head ake, and the ſmoake of the forge your eies water, and euery coale was a blocke in your way. You weepe roſe water, when you aske, and ſpitte vineger, when you haue obteined. What would you now, with new arrowes? belike Mars hath a tougher skin one his heart, or Cupid a weaker arme, or Venus a better courage. VVell Venus, there is neuer a ſmile in youn face but hath made a wtinkle in my forehead. *Ganymede* muſt fill your cuppe, and you wil pledge none but *Iupiter*. But I wil not chide Venus: Come *Cyclops*, my wife muſt haue her will, let vs doe that in earth, which the Gods cannot vndoe in heauen.

Venus. Gramercie ſweete Vulcan: to your worke.

The Song in making of the Arrowes.

Vulc. Heere Venus, I haue finiſhed theſe arrowes by arte, beſtowe them you by witte: for as great aduiſe muſt he vſe that hath them, as hee cunning that made them.

Venus. Vulcan, nowe you haue done with your forge, lette vs alone with the fancye: you are as the Fletcher, not the Archer, to meddle with the arrowe, not the aime.

Vulc. I thought ſo: when I haue done working, you haue done wooing. Where is now ſweete Vulcan? Wel, I can ſay no more, but this which is enoughe, and as much as any can ſay: Venus is a woman.

Venus. Bee not angrye Vulcan, I will loue thee agayne, when I haue eyther buſineſſe, or nothing els to doe.

Cupid. My mother will make muche of you, when there are no more men then Vulcan.

Actus quintus, Schæna prima

Venus, Cupid.

Venus. Come Cupid, receiue with thy fathers instruments, thy mothers instructions: for thou must be wise in conceiue, if thou wilt be fortunate in execution. This arrow is feathered with the winges of *Argitus*, which neuer sleepeth for feare of his hen: the heade toucht with the stone *Perillus*, which causeth mistrust and iealousie. Shoote this, Cupid, at men that haue faire wiues, which will make them rubbe the browes, when they swell in the braines. This shaft is headed with *Lidian* steel, which striketh a deepe disdain of ỹ which we most desire, ỹ feathers are of *Turtel*, but dipped in the bloud of a *Tigresse*, draw this vp close to the head at Sapho, that she may despise, where now she doates. Good my boye, gall her on the side, that for Phaos loue she may neuer sighe. This arrow is feathered with the *Phœnix* winge, and headed with the Eagles bill, it maketh mẽ passionate in desires, in loue constant, and wise in conueiaunce, melting as it were their fancies into faith: this arrowe, sweete childe, and with as great ayme as thou canst, must Phao be striken withall, and cry softly to thy selfe in the very loose, Venus. Sweete Cupid mistake me not, I wil make a quiuer for that by it selfe. The fourth hath feathers of the Peacocke, but glewed with the gum of the *Mirtle* tree, headed with fine golde, and fastened with brittle *Chrysocoll*: this shoote at daintie and coy Ladies, at amiable and young Nymphes, chuse no other white but women: for this will worke lyking in their mindes, but not loue, affabilitie in speach, but no faith, courtly fauours, to bee

Miſtreſſes ouer many, but conſtant to none: ſighes to be fetcht from the longes, not the heart, and teares to bee wronge out with their fingers, not their eies, ſecrete laughing at mens pale lookes and neate attire, open reioycinge at their owne comlineſſe and mens courtinge. Shoote this arrowe among the thickeſt of them, whoſe boſomes lye open, becauſe they woulde be ſtriken with it. And ſeeing men tearme women *Iupiters* fooles, women ſhall make men *Venus* fooles. This ſhafte is leade in the head, and whoſe feathers are of the night Rauen, a deadly and poyſoned ſhafte, which breedeth hate onely againſt thoſe which ſue for loue. Take heede Cupid thou hitte not Phao with this ſhafte: for then ſhall Venus periſhe. This lafte is an old arrow, but newlye mended, the arrow which hitte both Sapho and Phao, working onely in meane mindes an aſpiring to ſuperiours, & in high eſtates a ſtooping to inferiours: with this Cupid I am galled my ſelfe, till thou haue galled Phao with the other.

Cupid. I warrant you I will cauſe Phao to languiſhe in your loue, and Sapho to diſdaine his.

Venus. Goe, loyter not, nor miſtake your ſhafte. Now Venus, haſt thou plaide a cunning parte, though not curraunt. But why ſhould Venus diſpute of vnlawfulneſſe in loue, or faith in affection? beeing both the Goddeſſe of loue and affection? knowing there is as little trueth to be vſed in loue, as there is reaſon. No, ſweete Phao, Venus will obtaine becauſe ſhe is venus. Not thou Ioue with thunder in thy hand, ſhalt take him out of my hands. I haue new arrowes now for my boy, and freſh flames, at which the Gods ſhall tremble, if they beginne to trouble me. But I will expect the euent, and tarye for Cupid at the forge.

Actus quintus, Schæna secunda.

Sapho, Cupid, Mileta, Venus.

Sapho. What hast thou done Cupid?

Cupid. That my mother commaunded, Sapho.

Sapho. My thinkes I feele an alteration in my minde, and as it were a withstanding in my self of mine owne affections.

Cupid. Then hath mine arrow his effect.

Sapho. I pray thee tell me the cause?

Cupid. I dare not.

Sapho. Feare nothing: for if Venus fret, Sapho cannot frowne, thou shalt be my sonne. Mileta, giue him some sweete meates, speake good Cupid, and I will giue thee many pretie things.

Cupid. My mother is in loue with Phao, she willed me to strike you with disdain of him, and him with desire of her.

Sapho. O spitefull Venus, Mileta giue him some of that. What els Cupid?

Cupid. I could be euen with my mother: and so I will, if I shall call you mother?

Sapho. Yea Cupid, call me any thing so I may be euen with her.

Cupid. I haue an arrow, with which if I strike Phao, it will cause him to loth onely Venus.

Sapho. Sweete Cupid, strike Phao with it. Thou shalt sitte in my lappe, I will broche thee asleepe, and feede thee with all these fine knackes.

Cupid. I will about it. *Exit Cupid.*

Sapho. But come quickly againe. Ah vnkinde Venus, is this thy promise to Sapho? But if I gette Cuppid from thee,

thee, I my ſelfe will be the Queene of loue. I will direct theſe arrowes with better aime, and conquer mine own affections, with greater modeſty. Venus heart ſhal flame, and her loue be as common as her craft. O Mileta, time hath diſcloſed that, which my temperance hath kept in: but ſith I am rid of the diſeaſe, I will not be aſhamed to confeſſe the cauſe. I loued Phao Mileta, a thing vnfit for my degree, but forced by my deſire.

Milet. Phao?

Sapho. Phao, Mileta, of whom nowe Venus is inamoured.

Milet. And doe you loue him ſtill.

Sapho. No, I feele relenting thoughtes, and reaſon not yeelding to appetite. Let Venus haue him, no, ſhee ſhall not haue him. But here coms Cupid. How now my boy, haſte thou done it?

Cupid. Yea, and left Phao rayling on Venus, and curſing her name: yet ſtil ſighing for Sapho, and blaſing her vertues.

Sapho. Alas poore Phao, thy extreame loue ſhould not be requited with ſo meane a fortune, thy faire face deſerued greater fauours: I cannot loue, Venus hath hardened my heart.

Venus. I meruaile Cupid commeth not all this while. How now, in Saphoes lappe?

Sapho. Yea Venus, what ſay you to it, in Saphoes lap.

Venus. Sir boy, come hither?

Cupid. I will not.

Venus. What now? will you not? hath Sapho made you ſo ſawcie?

Cupid. I wil be Saphoes ſonne, I haue as you commanded ſtriken her with a deepe diſdaine of Phao, and Phao as ſhe entreated me, with a great deſpite of you.

Venus. Vnhappy wag, what haſt thou done? I will make thee repent it euery vaine in thy heart.

Sapho. Venus be not collerick, Cupid is mine, he hath giuen me his Arrowes, and I will giue him a new bowe to shoote in. You are not worthy to be the Ladye of loue, that yeelde so often to the impresions of loue. Immodest Venus, that to satisfie the vnbrideled thoughtes of thy hearte, transgressest so farre from the staye of thine honour. Howe sayest thou Cupid, wilt thou bee with me?

Cupid. Yes.

Sapho. Shall not I bee on earth the Goddesse of affections?

Cupid. Yes.

Sapho. Shall not I rule the fansies of men, and leade Venus in chaines like a captiue?

Cupid. Yes.

Sapho. It is a good boy.

Venus. What haue we here? you the Goddesse of Loue? and you her sonne, Cupid? I will tame that proud heart, els shall the Gods say, they are not Venus friendes. And as for you, sir boy, I will teach you how to run away: you shalbe stript from toppe to toe, and whipt with nettles, not roses. I will set you to blowe Vulcans coales, not to beare Venus quiuer, I will handle you for this geare: well, I say no more. But as for thee new Mistresse of loue, or Lady, I cry you mercie, I think you would be called a Goddesse, you shall know what it is to vsurpe the name of Venus. I will pull those plumes, and cause you to cast your eyes on your feete, not your feathers: your softe hayre will I turne to harde bristles, your tongue to a stinge, and those alluring eyes to vnluckynes, in which if the Gods ayde me not, I will curse the Gods.

Sapho. Venus, you are in a vaine aunswerable to your vanitie, whose highe woordes neither beecome you, nor feare men. But lette this suffice, I will keepe Cupid in dispighte of you, and yet with the contente of the Gods.

Venus

Venus. Will you? why then we ſhal haue pretie Gods in heauen, when you take Gods priſoners on earth. Before I ſleepe you ſhall both repent, and finde what it is but to thinke vnreuerently of Venus. Come Cupid, ſhee knowes not how to vſe thee, come with mee, you knowe what I haue for you: will you not?

Cupid. Not I.

Venus. Well, I will be euen with you both, & that ſhortlye,

Exit.

Sapho. Cupid, feare not, I will direct thine arrowes better. Euery rude aſſe ſhall not ſay he is in loue. It is a toye made for Ladies, and I will keepe it onely for Ladies.

Cupid. But what will you doe for Phao?

Sapho. I wil wiſh him fortunate. This wil I do for Phao, becauſe I once loued Phao; for neuer ſhall it be ſaid that Sapho loued to hate, or that out of loue ſhe coulde not be as courteous, as ſhe was in loue paſſionate. Come *Mileta*, ſhut the doore.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Schæna tertia.

Phao. Sybilla.

Phao. Goe to Sybilla, tell the beginning of thy loue, and the end of thy fortune. And loe how happilye ſhee ſitteth in her caue. Sybilla?

Syb. Phao, welcome, what newes?

Phao. Venus, the Goddeſſe of loue I loth, Cupid cauſd it with a new ſhafte. Sapho diſdaineth mee, Venus cauſd it for a new ſpite. O Sybilla, if Venus be vnfaithfull in loue, where ſhall one flye for trueth? Shee vſeth deceite, is it not then likely ſhe will diſpence with ſubtiltie. And being carefull to commit iniuries, will ſhee not be careleſſe to reuenge them? I muſt nowe fall from loue to la-

bour,and endeuour with mine oare to gette a fare, not with my penne to write a fancie. Loues are but ſmokes, which vaniſh in the ſeeing, and yet hurte whileſt they are ſeene. A Ferrie Phao, no the ſtarres cannot call it a worſer fortune. Raung rather ouer the world, forſweare affections, entreate for death. O Sapho, thou haſte Cupid in thine armes, I in my hearte, thou kiſſeſt him for ſporte, I muſte curſe him for ſpite: yet will I not curſe him Sapho, whome thou kiſſeſt. This ſhalbe my reſolutiō, where euer I wāder, to be as I were euer kneeling before Sapho, my loyalty vnſpotted, though vnrewarded. With as litle malice wil I goe to my graue, as I did lye with all in my cradle. My life ſhalbe ſpente in ſighing and wiſhing, the one for my bad fortune, the other for Saphoes good.

Sybil. Doe ſo Phao: for deſtinie calleth thee aſwell from *Sycily* as from loue. Other things hange ouer thy head, which I muſt neither tell, nor thou enquire. And ſo farewell.

Phao. Farewell Sybilla, and farewell *Sycily*. Thoughtes ſhalbe thy foode, and in thy ſteppes ſhalbe printed beehinde thee, that there was none ſo loyall lefte behinde thee. Farewell *Syracuſa*, vnworthy to harbour faith, and when I am gone, vnleſſe Sapho be here, vnlikely to harbour any.

The

The Epilogue.

THey that treade in a maze, walke oftentimes in one path, & at the laſt come out where they entred in. Wee feare we haue lead you all this while in a Labyrinth of conceites, diuerſe times hearing one deuice, & haue now brought you to an end, where we firſt beganne. Which wearifome trauaile, you muſt impute to the neceſsitie of the hyſtorie, as *Theſeus* did his labour to the arte of the Labyrinth. There is nothing cauſeth ſuch giddines, as going in a wheele, neither cã there any thing breede ſuch tediouſneſſe, as hearing manie words vttered in a ſmall compaſſ. But if you accept this daũce of a Farie in a circle, wee will herafter at your willes frame our fingers to all formes. And ſo we wiſh euery one of you a thread to leade you out of the doubts, wherwith we leaue you intangled: that nothing be miſtaken by our raſh ouerſightes, nor miſconſtrued by your deepe inſights.

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